

will contain the signatures of many thousands, all working men, who express their dissatisfaction that their religious liberty and their right of freedom of worship have been taken away from them, by the Bishops putting in force against the clergy the late judgments of the Privy Council, notwithstanding some of the first lawyers in the land say the soundness of those judgments is doubtful, and the petitioners themselves believe them to be in opposition to the law of the Church. They express their conviction that the only moral power to legislate for Church matters belongs to Convocation, which ought to be the only Church Parliament. They ask for no monopoly of any one party in the Church, but take their stand on the right to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences and in agreement with the principles and requirements of the Book of Common Prayer. They therefore appeal to the Convocation now assembled, for assistance in endeavoring to obtain the rights which are generally understood to be the common heritage of all Englishmen, whether rich or poor. They conclude by saying:—"We beg further to represent to your Right Reverend House that by the action now being taken against the clergy, not only are your petitioners prevented from giving their best endeavors to the worship of God, but those working men who love their Church, are deprived of much that is beautiful and which helps to give brightness and pleasure to their lives, which are oftentimes dreary enough already."

THE UNVEILING of Lord Palmerston's statue in the gardens of Parliament Square, has given an opportunity for journalists to dilate on some of the most remarkable peculiarities of this statesman and diplomatist. He was perhaps better known as a diplomatist than a statesman, inasmuch as few of the great events of Europe transpired within half a century before his death, which were not more or less modified or influenced by himself. He was an Englishman, or rather the living impersonation of Great Britain, and his name was equally known and respected among the Carlists of the Spanish Mountains, across the deserts of Syria, and over the Pampas of South America. The honor of England lay near his heart; he had an intense pride in the greatness of the Empire. He was the most popular minister of the generation now passing away: not an orator like Chatham, Burke, or Grattan, but an unrivalled leader of the House of Commons. He is generally believed to have fairly represented in intellect and temperament a combination of Celtic vivacity and humor, though the quantity of Irish blood in his veins must be very slight, with that solid common sense and staying power, which are generally regarded as peculiarly English. His temperament may therefore be considered eminently national or imperial. Whether he was a

statesman of the highest class cannot be accurately determined, because he was never tried in exigencies that would call forth first rate powers. The Indian Mutiny was but the pang of a moment; and whatever may have been the misfortunes of the Crimea, we know that Lord Palmerston got none of the blame, but rather won a new reputation for capacity and energy. He certainly always seemed ready for any emergency; and if no resources were at hand, he knew how to stave off every difficulty that presented itself to him. He had an inexhaustible fund of animal spirits, an unflinching vivacity, an easy, airy, jaunty humor, and a quickness of repartee, which was often of as much service to him in the House of Commons as deeper qualities have been to other statesmen. As an illustration of the latter feature we may mention an instance which happened to come within our own knowledge. He was staying at his seat in Melbourn, near which lived a stout, muscular gentleman, a little given to inactivity, although claiming the possession of unusual skill in most things. His small garden was remarkable just then, for the luxuriance of its weeds. His Lordship passing it one morning, inquired to whom it belonged. On being told the name of the owner, he immediately repeated the rhyme:—

"A little garden full of weeds,
A great man full of words and little deeds."

THE letter to Cardinal Manning about admitting the Ritualistic clergy to the Roman communion on easier terms than usual, it is now more evident than ever, was a *canard*. That it should have been so successful, considering its intense absurdity, is certainly wonderful. That it should have brought to light the extreme ignorance that prevails both in England and America, about the essential character of the Roman system, is not less surprising; for men who evidently wish to be considered intelligent, and can see the foul taint of Romanism in every color of nature, and in every return to primitive ritual or teaching, have lost no time in swallowing the bait. And that it should have been so greedily devoured by scandal mongers and so extensively utilised by sensational platform speakers, clearly indicates the great dearth that exists, of the kind of material most suitable for them to work with. Can it be possible that those who have made use of this story are not aware of the fact that Rome does not admit the validity of English Orders, that Rome demands absolute submission, an unconditional surrender of every faculty of the soul? Can they have forgotten the reply officially sent to Dr. Cumming, the Presbyterian minister in London, previous to the Vatican Council of 1870? On that occasion a general invitation was addressed to the whole of Christendom. Dr. Cumming and others expressed their desire to be present, and argue the question. The reply made was that this would be impossible; that

Rome never recedes: that in other words, she marches onwards age after age, in her triumphs over the liberties and consciences of men, and in her unwarrantable dogmatic assumptions; while she has never yet been known to retrace a step once positively gained, and never yet been known to abate one of her pretensions. These pretensions have been so often and so universally insisted on, that it appears impossible they should not be pretty generally known. And therefore we are led to fear that it is not ignorance but dishonesty that has led some persons, both in England and Canada, to make the use they have made of so ridiculous a rumour, which they must know, could not possibly be true. The letter itself addressed to Cardinal Manning and signed *Presbyter Anglicanus*, is now believed to have been written by a member of the religious association, called by the Bishop of Peterborough, "the Joint Stock Persecution Company;" and its success can hardly have astonished any one more than the writer himself.

AT THE RECENT Burns' anniversary entertainment in Edinburgh, Professor Blackie recommended the Clergy, instead of declaiming against amusements, to take a hint from the person who got up that entertainment, and give sacred exhibitions similar to what they had just seen, which consisted of illustrations of the works of the poet. He asked why they should not have the life of King David, with scenery from Palestine, and some one to lecture on his life and character. He thought too, there would be nothing profane in singing the Psalms of David, in order to complete the illustration. If the learned Professor could provide us with the music King David used in his days, it would no doubt be a treat of no common order. He thought the Clergy would do more service to the cause of religion by leaving off the stale declamation against theatres and dancing, and providing instead thereof some public amusements upon which the seal of sacredness could be put. He does not appear to have referred to the Passion play of Oberammergau, which probably would not have met with his entire approval, as tending to produce irreverence for the most sacred and most Divine features of our redemption. The Professor further expressed the pride it would give him if he thought he should ever see the day when some great Professor would reproduce all the great Greek tragedies, represented with proper scenery, dresses, and decorations. But the idea was far too good to be realized, the tendency of men's minds had become far too utilitarian and too worldly for that. He would like to know how the noble creations of Homer, Euripides, Sophocles, and Eschylus could be better imprinted on the mind than by such pictorial illustrations as they had then witnessed attended with proper scenery, dresses, and decorations. The learned Professor, immured within his college walls, appears not to have the slightest idea of the supreme contempt mankind in gen-